CARTER HARRISON TO MARRY.

CHICAGO, Aug. 22.—The announcement is made of the forthcoming marriage of Mayor Harrison to Miss Annie Howard of New Orleans. The bride is 39 years old, younger than the youngest of Harrison's children. The wedding is set for September.

TURF WINNERS.

GLOUCESTER N. J., Aug. 22.—Winners: Black Hussar, Beautiful Bell, Roseberry, Penzance, Frank F, Blank, Bonnie.

MONMOUTH PARK, N. J., Aug. 22.—Winners: Gray Brown, Discount, Gloaming, Kinglet, Kingston, Long Beach.

ELEVEN YEARS IN CHARGE

Of the package department, Boston and Maine depot, Boston, Mass., Miss Helen Jones says: "I was a sufferer from general debility, biliousness and water brash for several years, and life seemed almost a burden to me. After using almost everything, Sulphur Bitters cured me."

Dyspepsia does not get well of itself. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures the most severe cases.

WAR IN AFRICA.

ZANZIBAR, Aug. 22.—The Arab soldiers at Kismagoo have revolted and killed the agent of the East Africa company. The Arabs threaten to destroy the town. The British cruiser Blanche has gone from Zanzibar to quell the insurrection.

Testimony of One Who Knew.

Stranger—This is a beautiful part of the city. Property must be very high here.

Citizen—No sir. Property isn't worth anything along here.

"Not worth anything? Why, every house in this row's a palace, and there's half a mile of them!"

"That doesn't make any difference. They are owned by men that are suffering for the necessaries of life."

"I don't see any indications that the owners want to sell out."

"They're too poor to be able even to buy 'For Sale' cards to put in the windows."

"Have you got any property along this row?"

"Haven't a foot of dirt within a mile of it."

"Then how do you know all this?"

"I'm the—"

(Interrupting) "Why, Great Scott, I ought to have known it at once! Shake! I'm an assessor myself when I'm at home."—Chicago Tribune.

A Surprise.

Strawber—Well, old man, I want to congratulate you. I understand that your engagement is announced.

Singerly (modestly)—Yes, and I am the happiest man in the world.

Strawber—Of course. And the girl; she is surpassingly beautiful, and has the loveliest disposition imaginable. She was born just for you, and is the sweetest, dearest thing in the world.

Singerly—Why, Great Scott! old fellow, I didn't know that you had ever met her.—Truth.

The Landlord's Business.

"John, what a lovely place! If we could only manage to raise the rent."

Mr. Hunter Howes—Oh! I've no doubt the landlord would see to that in a couple of months.—Brooklyn Life.

GENERAL.

—"Oh dear!" said Mrs. Younghusband. "I'm not myself to-day." "Then I won't speak to you or smile at you. It might make you jealous," said Younghusband.—Harper's Bazar.

—Rev. Dr. George Dana Boardman, who has just completed his thirtieth year as pastor of the First Baptist church of Philadelphia, and had determined to resign, has received a unanimous invitation to become the president of Temple college.

—"They say they have college boys to push the wheeling-chairs at the World's fair." "Yes. I was wheeled through the Liberal Arts building by a Yale man. I couldn't have got through it if I hadn't." "Why not?" "He was the champion sprinter of his class."—Harper's Bazar.

—Surgeon-General Sternberg has decided upon the establishment of a school for post-graduate instruction to the newly-appointed officers of the medical corps of the army. The course of instruction will be given in the Army Medical museum in Washington, and will be of four months' duration. It will be conducted by four of the senior medical officers stationed in the capital.

—The decorations of walls prove to have a very important influence upon gas bills. From recent figures by Dr. Sumpner it has been calculated that with different decorations a room would be equally lighted by the following candle-powers: Black cloth, 100; dark brown paper, 87; blue paper, 72; clean yellow paint, 60; clean wood, 60; dirty wood, 30; cartridge paper, 20; whitewash, 15. Only about one-sixth as much illumination is necessary for the whitewashed room as for the same room papered in dark brown.

—Edward Everett Hale tells a curious story of Tennyson's appointment to the laureateship. The honor was first offered to Samuel Rogers by Prince Albert, and the banker-poet in declining it because of age recommended Tennyson for the place. The prime minister wrote in reply: "We are not acquainted with the works of this gentleman, and will you be good enough to let me know whether he has ever written anything which would make it improper for a woman to name him for his post?" Mr. Hale says that this story is as true as it is funny, for he saw the original correspondence with his own eyes.

—The first patron of our patent system was Thomas Jefferson, who during three years gave his personal attention to every application for a patent. He used to call the secretary of war and the attorney-general to examine and scrutinize with him, and they did it so thoroughly that in one year—the first—they granted only three patents. The very first patent of all was given to Samuel Hopkins, in 1790, for pearl ashes. Mr. Jefferson held that the patent system was not one for creating revenue, but for encouraging the production of that which is to be of benefit to the whole people.—Harper's Young People.

"THE ETHEL LYNCH."

A Little Western Girl's Brave Deed and Her Reward.

Ira Lynch was the agent at a little station on the Silver Creek railroad, called Halfway. Why the station was called by that odd name is impossible to state, unless it was because it was located about the center of the road. It was not much of a station either, the only building being the shed that contained the engine and pumps which pumped water to the tank that supplied the road engines with water.

Few trains ever stopped for any other purpose, unless they were flagged, as there wasn't a house within two miles of the station, with the exception of the little cabin occupied by the agent and his family, which consisted of himself, his wife, daughter and her little baby brother. Ethel, the daughter, was a sprightly little girl of perhaps twelve or thirteen years of age, and pretty enough for an artist's model, as she sat upon the back of her milk-white pony, man fashion, her legs bare to her knees, and dressed in a gray plaid skirt, a tight-fitting velvet jacket, and a train-boy's cap resting jauntily upon her beautiful auburn curls. Ethel Lynch was a prime favorite with the trainmen and regular passengers on the Silver Creek road, and they were always on the alert to get a glimpse of the red-headed girl and the white horse.

Mr. Lynch was formerly engineer on the engine that pulled the train known as the Thunderbolt—a limited express upon the main line of which the Silver Creek road was a branch. But one night train robbers removed a rail from the track, and Ira Lynch (who saved the lives of the passengers intrusted to his care by standing faithfully at his post of duty) was dragged from under the pile of broken and twisted iron and steel that once formed a part of his beloved engine, a burned and bleeding mass. Of all the many people who witnessed the terrible sight, not one thought it possible for him to live; but by careful nursing and a strong determination on his part to live for his wife's and little daughter's sake, he so far recovered as to be able to take charge of the little station at Halfway.

At the time our story opens, Mr. Lynch was standing at the open window of the pump house, gazing intently at some object in the direction of his cabin.

It was at the close of a lovely day in June. The rays of the setting sun (for it lacked but an hour of sunset) shone full in his face. Shading his eyes with his hand, he looked long and earnestly.

"Well, I declare!" he exclaimed, in a tone of surprise, "it's our Ethel! Ma must be feeling better, or she wouldn't leave her alone!"

Being satisfied that everything was all right, he again gave his attention to his work, so as to have things in shape to leave for the night. By the time the task was completed, Ethel had approached to within speaking distance. The pony was walking along very leisurely, under a loose rein, "so as not to scare pa," Ethel had said to herself, as she checked the pony down to a walk.

"Well, how's ma and the baby been, to-day?" inquired Mr. Lynch, as Ethel slid from the pony's back to the ground.

"Oh, they've been splendid all day! Mamma wanted to get up, she felt so well."

"I'm glad to hear that, for it don't seem very much like home when ma is sick. Does it?"

"No, indeed; but do you want to know what I came over for?"

"Why, yes, to be sure!"

"Well, listen, and I'll tell you: This afternoon mamma fell asleep and she had an awful dream. It worried her so that she told it to me, and I came over to be sure it wasn't so; but you couldn't make mamma believe it wasn't so, for she said she never could until she had seen you with her own eyes."

"Why! It must have been something terrible to frighten your ma. She isn't a very timid woman. But tell me, and then I'll know for myself."

"Well, mamma said that she saw five men walking up the track. They all wore big bushy whiskers and carried guns. She said she didn't think anything strange about it, but thought they were hunters, until one of them said: 'It must be that he is in the pump-house.' So she just watched them, and, sure enough, they came directly here, the big man that spoke being in the lead. They approached the window very cautiously; the big man put his gun through the window and fired. Then she saw you throw up your hands and fall to the ground dead!"

"That was quite a dream, and it's no wonder it frightened her. But you go right back and tell her that I am well and will be home soon, and she will be satisfied."

"No, she won't either, pa, for she said that she could never believe that it was only a dream, until she had seen you with her own eyes. You must go home. I'll stay and give water to 41's engine, and signal No. 9."

"All right, Ethel, if you think that she will feel any better for seeing me. Here are the keys. You be sure and don't stay longer than is necessary, for it will be dark long before you reach home."

"Yes, pa, I'll do just as you say, only do make haste so that ma won't worry. Good-by."

Kissing her father, she waited impatiently until he had taken his leave.

"I guess I had better tie Snowflake behind the pumphouse," said little Ethel, as her father disappeared from view, "because the soot from the engines makes him all speckled."

That done, she went to examine the switch, to see that it was thrown right for No. 41, the through freight, which was already due.

She had but just returned when the whistle sounded for the station, and a moment later the huge monster came in sight. Ethel waved the white flag, to signal all right, the engineer answered with two short, sharp whistles, and an instant later called for brakes, in order to stop at the station for water.

"Why, there are two sections on run 41, to-night!" Ethel exclaimed, as she saw the two red flags on the engine.

Then the train drew up at the station, the engine was cut loose and switched over to the tank for water, after which the train proceeded on its way to Placer City, six miles distant, to sidetrack for No. 9, the fast limited express.

After the second section had gone through the same operation as the first, Ethel entered the pumphouse, to make sure that the fire under the boiler was properly banked for the night.

She desired to start for home as soon as No. 9 passed, so as not to alarm her parents by any unnecessary delay. She had been inside but a moment or two, when her attention was attracted by a slight noise at the window.

Imagine her surprise, upon turning around, to see a man standing at the open window, with his gun, which was resting upon the window-sill, aimed directly at her.

"It's mother's dream!" she said to herself; but not a muscle moved to show that she was surprised.

"Say, little gal," said the man at the widow, "where is the station agent?"

"He is not here, sir. He went away some time ago."

"Where to?" demanded the man, gruffly.

"He went to Keeley's Bar, with supplies for the company's men," replied Ethel, and added, in an undertone: "But that was a long time ago."

"When is the lightning express due?"

"In thirty minutes," said Ethel, as she glanced at the clock above her father's rude desk.

"Well, we want to board her. Can we do so?"

"No, sir: they do not stop here for water."

"Can't you flag her?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"We have orders not to flag No. 9 unless there is danger ahead."

"Then there will be danger ahead," said the ruffian, as he turned his back to Ethel, and, addressing the men, said: "Get to work lively, men, and take up a couple of rails; the express is going to stop here to-night, and don't you forget it!"

Ethel glanced through the window, and, sure enough, there were four men besides the spokesman, making five in all, as her mother had dreamed.

Quick as thought, she turned and sprang through the open door; there was a clatter of a horse's feet upon the hard ground, and an instant later the white pony dashed around the corner of the pump-house and was off with the speed of a deer.

"Bang!" "Bang!" "Bang!" rang the report of firearms in rapid succession. The men had discovered her flight, but in their haste had shot wide of the mark.

"Bang!" "Bang!" "Bang!" "Bang!" rang out a second volley from the repeating rifles. The bridle rein dropped, as Ethel threw up her hands and fell forward on the pony's neck, limp and apparently lifeless. The frightened animal, seeing he was free to go where he chose, dashed headlong down the bank into the gulch below and disappeared from view.

"I guess that red-headed imp of a girl won't give us any further trouble," remarked one of the men.

"You're right," said another, "she's fixed all right enough."

Had the speakers stood where they could have seen what was taking place down in the gulch, they would soon have discovered their mistake, for no sooner had the pony reached the bottom than Ethel arose direct in the saddle, gathered up the reins and remarked:

"A pretty good trick for a red-headed girl to play. When they thought me dead they ceased firing; otherwise I might have been killed." Looking at her tiny watch, a present from her father, she added:

"Six miles and only twenty-two minutes in which to make it. Now, Snowflake, fly!"

Loosening a rawhide from the pommel of the saddle, she lashed the pony into a run. One, two, three, four miles are passed. The tender-hearted girl, who under ordinary circumstances would not think of beating her pony, used the lash without mercy, urging him to his utmost speed.

Finally exhausted, her hand dropped to her side, and when she again raised it she saw that it was covered with blood.

"Why!" she exclaimed. "I must have been hit after all. Yes, my skirt is soaked with blood, and, come to think of it, I did feel a stinging pain in my thigh when the men fired; but what of it? We must reach Placer City in time, should it kill us both!"

At last the station was in sight. Only a short half mile and she would be at the end of her journey. But, alas! The wind bore a sound to her ear that fairly froze the blood in her veins, a long, shrill whistle, the express calling for a clear track. Ethel shut her teeth tightly and plied the lash with all their strength.

"Faster, Snowflake, faster, faster! Oh! Heaven help us!" she exclaimed. The pony groaned at every jump, yet she urged him to go faster. Already she could see the headlight on the rapidly approaching engine. It glowed in the gathering twilight like the eye of a fiery demon. Would she be too late?

On came the fiery monster. The race was an unequal one—an iron horse, propelled by steam as hot as fire and water could make, and an Indian pony, running a race upon which depended many lives. On came the iron steed, its grim driver all unconscious of the fact that he was carrying the unsuspecting passengers and the half-million dollars, which the express messenger was so carefully guarding, straight into the hands of a band of train-robbers.

Would she be too late?

Made desperate by the thought, Ethel leaned forward and buried her white teeth deep into the neck of the pony. Made furious by the pain, the almost exhausted animal leaped forward, staggering as he ran. A moment more, and they were at the station. Without waiting to stop, Ethel slid from the pony's back; then her leg gave way beneath her, and she fell to the ground.

A fireman on a freight engine recognized Ethel and ran to her assistance.

"Oh, don't mind me, but flag No. 9!" she gasped, and none too soon, for she could hear the roar of the ponderous train and the rapid clicking sound on the rails, caused by the driving wheels passing over the rail junctions, each click plainly telling her that the train was at least two rods nearer destruction.

Then the engineer whistled for brakes, and she knew that the train was saved.

When the train had stopped, Ethel told her story to the wondering people who had gathered about her, after which the conductor ordered her carried to the baggage car, but she refused, saying:

"No, I will not go without Snowflake."

"All right, little girl," replied the conductor, "the pony shall go, too."

So they took both horse and rider into the baggage car, where a bale of matresses was hastily broken open, and one procured for the little sufferer to lie upon, and a roll of blankets, belonging to one David Carson, of Dead Man's Gulch, but more commonly known as "Dare Devil Dave," was brought forward to serve as a pillow. The owner of the blankets was there in person, kneeling on the floor beside her.

"Poor little girl," he said, as he wiped the tears from his eyes with the back of his hand. "This is more than I can stand." His huge frame shook with sobs, as he picked up her cap, and, turning to the by-standers, said: "Fellow citizens, let us do something."

The miners gave liberally. Both bills and coin were tossed into the cap. One miner contributed a small leathern bag containing a couple of ounces of gold dust. Nor was David Carson the only man that wept for the uncomplaining little sufferer. Tears coursed down many a sun-bronzed cheek unused to such a visitor, and not one of them, rough as they were, but would willingly have taken her place and borne the pain in her stead, were such a thing possible. A few moments later the man from the gulch again knelt beside Ethel, and as he placed her cap upon the floor beside her said: "Here, little girl, this may make you feel better. It's to buy you a new gown;" which remark plainly went to show his ignorance regarding the value of dress-goods. He had collected enough money to purchase a fair-sized dry-goods store.

When the doctor that had been sent for arrived the train proceeded on its way. Half a dozen miners armed with Winchester rifles were stationed in the cab of the engine, under the command of "Dare Devil Dave," and the only order that that individual gave was this:

"Fellow citizens, I hope you know your business. Don't shoot unless you get the word; then shoot to kill."

The train approached the station at Halfway at a very high speed, all on board seemingly unconscious of any impending danger.

A light was swung across the track, signaling the train to stop. The engineer obeyed promptly and the train was brought to a standstill less than a hundred feet from where the robbers stood with guns leveled at the train.

"Hands up!" demanded the leader.

There was a flash of fire from the cab windows, followed by the report of a half dozen rifles, and it was all over.

It was a sorrowful little procession which wended its way down the bridle-path that led to the station agent's humble home. Nearly all the passengers were there. The conductor, accompanied by the doctor, had gone on in advance to prepare Ethel's parents for her home-coming. The patient little sufferer was reclining on a car-seat, borne by two stalwart miners, while David Carson brought up the rear, leading the badly used-up pony.

We may, perhaps, never know just what took place at the agent's cabin. The only remark was made by the big-hearted giant from the gulch. When the party had returned to the train he drew a sigh of relief as he exclaimed: "Fellow citizens, I feel better."

The trainmen soon replaced the rails which the robbers had removed, and No. 9 went on her way an hour and twenty minutes late.

It was several months before Ethel was able to again ride Snowflake. But one day her father told her that there would be a new engine on the lightning express, and he would like very much to have her see it. So she rode over to the station and sat gracefully upon her pony as the train approached.

The first thing that attracted her attention was a beautiful, miniature, milk-white pony, standing upon the front of the engine, one foot poised in the air, nostrils dilated and neck proudly arched, for all the world like her own beloved Snowflake, and seated upon its back was a very small girl, that was dressed and looked very much like herself.

Then her eyes fell upon the name of the new engine, painted in gold letters beneath the cab window. There could be no mistake, for the letters were very plain and read like this:

THE ETHEL LYNCH.

Then, as the train swept past, the passengers, who had been informed of Ethel's ride, cheered heartily in honor of the little mountain heroine.

Surely, it is not to be wondered at that the trainmen on the Silver Creek road have a warm place in their hearts for the little girl out in Colorado or that the president of the road has hanging in his private office an oil painting of "A red-headed girl and a white horse."—W. B. Disbro, in N. Y. Ledger.

—Manager—"That young nephew of yours is a sleepy sort of fellow. What shall I do with him?" Merchant—"See if you can't find room for him in the night-shirt department."—Tid-Bits.

Power of the Press.

Famous Scientist (excitedly)—Something must be done to stop the spread of the opium habit among women.

Great Editor (calmly)—Very well, sir; I'll put in a paragraph saying that a hankering for opium is a sign of old age.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Diplomat.

Mrs. Perkins—Johnny, you come right down from the top of the ladder, and I'll give you a whipping that you'll remember.

Johnny—Then I guess I'll stay up here as there's nothing to lose by it.—Brooklyn Life.

A LADY WHO CAN'T TALK.

Howard Fielding Discusses a Cruel and Unusual Punishment.

He Is Waiting to See How the Lady Managers of the World's Fair Will Carry Out a Sentence Which They Recently Imposed.

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A lady in rural Massachusetts writes to ask me what I think about that world's fair case. She does not say what case she means, but the tone of her remarks leads me to believe that if I can't think as she does about it, whatever it may be, I would more safely stop thinking altogether. For if I think adversely to her she will certainly find it out and write me another letter, whereas, if I simply quit thinking, few even of my intimate associates will remark upon the change.

I am not, however, wholly at sea in regard to the meaning of my correspondent. When she quotes the constitution of the United States and underscores the words "cruel and unusual," I am set upon the track. Evidently she is talking of that dreadful act perpetrated by the board of lady managers upon one of its members. The scar which the publication of the facts in that case left upon the sensibilities of our whole people is still fresh. Yet it may be well to tell the story briefly. The affair happened in a secret session of the board from which all but members were excluded, and thus we have only as many different versions of the story as there were members present. Which one of them had the distinction of telling it first, I do not know, but as there was probably not more than a couple of seconds between her and the last one, we will let that pass.

A LADY WRITES ME.

It appears that an important question was before the board and partisan feeling ran so high that ladies who wore their own hair which they had paid for felt safer than those who had not. The vote was taken by the raising of the right hand, and in the excitement the ladies lacked the time for that calm deliberation which a lady needs when she is asked to decide which is her right hand. In a spirit of fairness they gave each of their hands the benefit of any doubt that might exist, and raised them both. When the result of the vote was announced it appeared that, of every group of five ladies present, six had voted in the negative and four in the affirmative. One of the minority party thereupon accused the presiding officer of counting only one hand apiece for the weak side and two or three or more for the other. She said that this was not warranted by parliamentary usage, and, furthermore, it was just as mean as it could be. She said this not once, but many times, until finally one of the majority party stopped talking herself and heard the remark. When the presiding officer paused in an address which she was making at that time, the lady who had overheard the charge of fraud reported it, and at last the majority party learned about it.

Then Vengeance with a large V arose and waved her sword. The offending member by a vote of six-fifths to four-fifths of the ladies present was forever denied the privilege of talking in a meeting of the board. We have had some pretty good stories of lynchings recently, but what do they amount to alongside of this?

"YOU'LL GET 'SHUN' CLEAR DOWN TO YOUR CHEST PROTECTOR."

Now then, says my correspondent, what are we going to do about it? As there is a legal question involved, she does well to ask my opinion. I did a similar thing once, myself, and have always been glad of it. I wanted an opinion on a point of law and called upon a lawyer named Smith to obtain it. I had never seen Mr. Smith, but at the first glance my heart warmed to him. An honester looking man I had never seen. He sat by a desk littered with papers and toyed with a cane about the size of a ball-bat, while he listened to the case which I laid before him in detail.

"Now sir," said I, in conclusion, "will you give me your opinion?"

"With pleasure," he replied, "my opinion is that if you consult Smith or any other lawyer about that matter you'll get 'shun' clear down to your chest protector. As for me, I am waiting for Smith, but—" and here he pounded on the desk with his cane—"I am not looking for his advice; no, sir; nor his consent."

I left the place no poorer than I had come in, which shows that excellent results can often be obtained by following unprofessional opinion. Therefore, in the present instance, I have no hesitation in replying to my correspondent. The punishment inflicted by the board of lady managers is cruel and unusual, and therefore unconstitutional. By carrying the case to the supreme court the lady could no doubt get a nullification of the sentence, and, in the ordinary course of the court's business, the decision would come just when the lady would need it, or in other words about the time of the next Columbian centennial.

Moreover the recent decisions of various courts regarding the Chinese exclusion law cover this case.

"We sentence you to be transported back to China," said these courts, "and back you shall go if we ever find anyway send you."

In the same way, the meat of this affair of the lady manager who can't talk will be found in the execution of the sentence. It is no exaggeration to say that fifteen million men in various parts of the world are waiting in almost hysterical impatience to learn how that lady is to be prevented from talking. A series of experiments which I have made in the sacred privacy of my own home have failed to throw any light upon the subject. I have had occasion in the course of my married life to pronounce a similar sentence several times, but it does not execute worth one single cent. I have read up some on the subject, but without any very good result. I came across the case of a woman in New Jersey who was struck in the act of asking her husband how he could have been so perfectly silly as to do—well, I forget what it was, but of course he had done it. When the thunderbolt hit this woman she stopped talking. But, bless your heart, in half a minute she began again, while the thunderbolt sneaked down through the cellar floor and as far into the ground as it could. Then there was the case of the masked burglars who bound and gagged a woman somewhere beyond Harlem—just over the city line. When they had gagged her, as they supposed securely, they began to search the house. They went through the trousers pockets of the woman's husband, but she showed no signs of emotion, except at the moment when they turned away without having found anything in the pockets. Then she shed a single tear of sympathy. At last, however, the burglars opened a closet door and reached for the highest shelf. Then the gagged woman spoke, and her voice was heard on board the police boat lying just south of the Battery.

"If you touch them blackberry preserves," she said, "I'll talk to you."

They knew that she would be as good as her word, and they fled from the house.

Thus I am able to say with some confidence to my correspondent in rural Massachusetts that I do not believe there is any danger that a precedent will be established by this action of the board of lady managers. The Irishman who was to have been hanged on a gooseberry bush is alive yet.

"IF YOU TOUCH THOSE BLACKBERRY PRESERVES I'LL TALK—"

However, there is an experiment in a kindred subject which is being tried in Brooklyn, and I am watching it with considerable interest. The trolley cars of the Jagg Street and Citizens' line—so-called because the cars run over Jagg street as well as over the citizens who happen to be crossing that thoroughfare—bear this sign:

"Passengers will not spit on the floor. Conductors are required to enforce this rule."

There is no joke about this sign; it really is in those cars. I have written to the president of the line asking him to tell me how he expects the rule to be enforced, and requested a spirited pen-picture of a conductor in the act of preventing the offense designated. If he replies in a satisfactory manner I shall know how many things can be done which now seem to me to verge upon the impossible.

HOWARD FIELDING.

A Woman Getting Into a Car.

"It's great fun," said the conductor, "to see a woman get on a cable car. When the car starts it always goes as if it were going to beat the lightning express. The woman is usually tripping up the aisle about that time, and she pitches forward as though she might dive through the front door. Just then the car slows down abruptly and gives her a reverse action. She stops short, inclines backward, and stumbles forward again. If she is lucky she strikes a vacant seat about that time and plumps into it. Otherwise she is sure to step on somebody's foot or brace herself against somebody's shoulders. If you watch her face you'll see that she wants to gasp, but doesn't get time to before she's in the seat. By that time she realizes that everybody is watching her, and she smiles her sweetest. I have watched hundreds of 'em, and I haven't found one who didn't smile when the car gave its second plunge. Young and old, pretty and homely, are all alike in that respect. They remind me of soldiers suddenly confronted by an overwhelming force of the enemy, knowing they are goners, but bound to make a brave front before they're downed."—N. Y. Sun.

Considerate.

Clergyman (lately come to the parish)—Your neighbor, Smith, says my sermons are rubbish.

Farmer—Ah! You needn't mind 'im, sir; 'e's merely a mouthpiece for other folks.—The Sketch.

A Modern Samson.

"They say Mussell is one of the strongest men in the club."

"Is that so? What can he do?"

"Why, he can lift one of the new Chicago directories!"—Chicago Record.

His Fear.

Wifey—Why don't you take the umbrella, dear? Are you afraid somebody will steal it?

Hubby—No. I'm afraid somebody will recognize it.—Detroit Tribune.

Poverty-Stricken.

Paula—It is so strange about Mrs. Dougherty. She married a man-milliner, and yet they are poor.

Peggy—Yes, she keeps an account with him.—Truth.

Floral Emblems.

An ingenious person has been pondering the subject of floral badges, and makes these suggestions to which we add others of our own, to carry out the idea. For the first lord of the admiralty, docks; for a doctor, cyclamen and self-heal; for an oculist, eyebright and iris; for a tailor, Dutchman's-breeches; for a broker, stocks and bellrush; for a philosopher, sage; for a cook, butter-and-eggs; for a land agent, groundsel; for a butcher, lambkill; for a policeman, beet; for a shepherd, phlox; for a musician, thyme; for an acrobat, capers; for a jockey, speedwell; for a woodcutter, hardhack; for a newspaper humorist, chestnut; for a shoemaker, lady's-slipper; for an honest man, lilac; and for a rogue, hemp.—Youth's Companion.